True, bitch.....

After a little while you realized you were being exploited by some hack with nothing to say....

Some kind of loony....

Brought to you by Zoncolite....

*****

A white plastic bag with a toy helicopter inside that Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor wanted for a child he knew, hanging on an upside down (barrel-shaped) table-leg.

A useless, rusted toy....

He wanted it, for himself.

Hanging from hooks that Johnny had inserted in the wall, a coffee pot, a thermos, a carafe, an ash-tray, a road lantern, a Tiffany-style lamp-shade.

Behind the chairs on the dysfunctional radio-cabinet, a 1930s china cabinet with a fancy curved top-piece. Romeo called it depression furniture.

Johnny found it depressing.

*****

50s Chic came by to get some boxes. She'd finally found a pad on Rancidvale.

Romeo asked her where Butch was.

At a movie.

The Beast of Yucca Flats II....

Romeo asked how long she'd known him.

Two years.

Romeo said she should get rid of him.

She wanted to keep him. He was cute.

Romeo said there were plenty of cute ones. But maybe she should keep this one for another year.

Why?

Just to say they'd had had a three-year relationship.

Mitzi asked why she should bother to say that?

It was something to do. It was a record....

*****

Johnny saw 50s Chic and her delinquent Butch strolling along Thingstreet. His shit-blond hair looked wet. He was doing Jimmy Stewart.

Johnny asked them how the move was going.